

THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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VOL. I.

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NO. 6.

FOR THE ARIEL.

WHERE IS HE?

Where is he Earth? for he once gaily prest
Life in his footsteps, upon thy green breast;
Trode thro' thy vallies, and look'd down on thee;
Earth, for thou knewest him, oh, where can he be?
"Cold lies on him the turf that he spurn'd,
Child of my breast, to my bosom return'd!"

Sun, in the bright sky! he once turn'd to thee,
Eye like the eagle's, exulting and free;
Felt thy bright splendour his whole bosom fill—
Sun of the Heavens! say, see'st thou him still?
"Shine I as brightly as ever I shone,
Shining, though now, on his cold turf alone."

Air which he breath'd! life-inspiring Air!
Where is his spirit, so like thee—oh where?
Sweeping along by his path through the grove,
Once did he love thee—O yet does he love!
"Then from his bright cheek I lifted the hair,
Now from his green grave, I lift the grass there!"

River, that flows with the far-flashing wave!
Once in thy bright stream it pleas'd him to lave,
Waves, that once play'd round each light, buoyant limb,
Say, watery wanderers, know ye of him!
"Waves which he bath'd in, have gone to the sea,
Those may'st thou ask of—we, following, flee!"

LEMUEL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

"The mind

Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And culture passions flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear."

Prophecy of Dante.

In a far land there stood a large mansion
whose architecture was of the twelfth century.
Around it was strown the ruins of departed
splendour, and the wild deer nipped the long
grass that grew in the court yard. The stranger
passed by it, for it was lonely and desolate,
yet it had one inmate—one lonely indweller—
an aged man, who had for years made it his ha-
bitation—a home which even the fowls of the air
would not have envied him. The tiny mouse
had long deserted it, and there the social crick-
et no longer sang his evening hymn. Besides
the old man, it had no other tenant, save the
slimed snake which crawled around its ivy-
clad turrets. The old, blind "Newfoundland
Dog," who once laid on the hearth, and growl-
ed at the storm as it passed by, had long gone
to the "land o' the leal," and the friendless
master had written his "epitaph." He, the
only inmate, was aged as thousands of the trees
which threw their shade on the neighbouring
hills. He had seen successive growths of un-
derwood spring up and decay—he had seen the
rose of seventy summers drop scentless from
the stem, and the frost of three score and ten
winters strip the mountain ash of his honours;
but still he stood in a

"Green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him."

He was a stranger in a strange land—the home
of his birth was far distant, and ocean's deep
waves lifted their many dark forms between
him and the place where she, whom he first—

last loved, reposed on the pillow of the grave.
He stood alone like the last tree on the hill of
a thousand pines. He stood alone, "a mark for
blight and desolation." He once had friends,
but time had swept them away. He had not
brothers, or they would have cast him off. He
had no sisters to forget his follies, and to weep
over his crimes. His name had long been torn
from the record of high and proud ancestry,
and his heraldic honours erased from the fam-
ily escutcheon.

Such was the grey headed tenant of that
miserable habitation, and such was his tale, as
gathered from his frenzied and incoherent ex-
pressions, at times, when days of the past roll-
ed in dark review before him. He lived there
amidst the desolation of mind and matter, like
Time leaning over a bed of flowers which had
withered at the first exhalation of his breath.
He held not communion with man, but with the
shapeless beings of futurity he held high con-
verse, and too, like she of Endor, he called up
the spirits of ancient days—yet trembled in
their presence, as he listened to their tales of
misery and mortality. He had quaffed the cup
of pleasure—but now only drank from the
sponge filled with the "gall and vinegar." He
was alone—old, and tottering on the grave, but
the beamings of his eye shone like the last
dying embers of some unholy fire. He was
alone—old, and sinking in the sleep of Death,
but still that night of terror came on and heard
him breathing his curses in proud misanthro-
py. He was alone—and old, and withered,
and looked like Destiny weaving a chaplet of
dead and scentless flowers for the Spirit of
Time to place on his bald brow—He is gone,
but all men remember him, and his warmest
Admirers have to weep over his unsanctified
fame. Such Byron would have been in *By-*
ron's old age.

G. W. S.

St. Clairsville, Ohio.

The following good story is taken from an article
entitled "Sketches of Persia," in a late number of Lit-
tell's Museum, a valuable monthly publication, issued
in this city.

PERSIAN MODE OF TAMING A SHREW.—Sadik
Beg was of good family, handsome in person,
and possessed of both sense and courage; but
he was poor, having no property but his sword
and horse, with which he served as a gentle-
man retainer of a nabob. The latter, satis-
fied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and en-
tertaining a respect for his character, deter-
mined to make him the husband of his daugh-
ter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her
name implied, was remarkable for her haugh-
ty manner and ungovernable temper. Giving
a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg, to
a lady of Hooseinee's rank was, according to
usage in such unequal matches, like giving
her a slave, and as she heard a good report of
his personal qualities, she offered no objection
to the marriage, which was celebrated soon

after it was proposed, and apartments were
assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's
palace. Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced
in his good fortune; as they saw, in the con-
nexion he had formed, a sure prospect of his
advancement. Others mourned the fate of so
fine and promising a young man, now condem-
ned to bear through life all the humours of a
proud and capricious woman; but one of his
friends, a little man called Merdek, who was
completely henpecked, was particularly rejoic-
ed; and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing
another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek
met his friend, and with malicious joy wished
him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do
I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this
happy event!" "Thank you, my good fellow,
I am very happy indeed, and rendered more
so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends."
"Do you really mean to say that you are hap-
py?" said Merdek with a smile. "I really
am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense!" said his
friend, "do we not all know to what a terma-
gant you are united? and her temper and high
rank combined must no doubt make her a
sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud
laugh, and the little man actually strutted with
a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.
Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was
amused instead of being angry. "My friend,"
said he, "I quite understand the grounds of
your apprehensions for my happiness. Before
I was married, I had heard the same reports
as you have done of my beloved bride's dispo-
sition; but I am happy to say I have found it
quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obe-
dient wife." "But how has this miraculous
change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik,
"I believe I have some merit in effecting it,
but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of
our nuptials were over, I went in my military
dress, and with my sword by my side, into the
apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a
most dignified posture to receive me, and her
looks were any thing but inviting. As I en-
tered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a fa-
vourite, came purring up to me. I deliber-
ately drew my sword, struck its head off, and
taking that in one hand, and the body in the
other, threw them out of the window. I then
very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who
appeared in some alarm; she, however, made
no observations, but was in every way kind and
submissive, and has continued so ever since."
"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Mer-
dek, with a significant shake of the head, "a
word to the wise;" and away he capered, ob-
viously quite rejoiced. It was near evening
when this conversation took place; soon after,
when the dark cloak of night had enveloped
the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered
the chamber of his spouse, with something of
a martial swagger, armed with a scymitar.—
The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual,
to welcome the husband of her mistress, but
in an instant her head was divided from her
body, by a blow from the hand that had so of-
ten caressed her. Merdek having proceeded
so far courageously, stooped to take up the dis-
severed members of the cat, but before he
could effect this a blow upon the side of the

head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor. The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff, "take that, you paltry wretch: you should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding day."

From the Yorkville, S. C. Spectator.

AN AMERICAN HEROINE.

NANCY HART.—This oldfashioned matron of Amazonian strength and habits, occupied such a conspicuous station during the times that tried men's souls, and women's too, that it is thought expedient to take a passing notice of some of her most prominent actions; particularly as the old revolutionary stock is nearly gone, and their deeds, like the white sails of the vessel disappearing in the midst of the ocean, become more indistinct until they are lost, or will be so distorted by tradition, that credulity itself might pause at the recital: the following particulars are based on incontrovertible facts.

Nancy Hart and her husband settled before the revolutionary struggle a few miles above the ford on Broad River, known by the name of the Fishdam ford, in Elbert county, Georgia, in the bend of the river, near a very extensive canebrake; an apple orchard still remains to point out the spot, and to prove the provident powers of its planters.

In altitude Mrs. Hart was almost Patagonian, and remarkably well limbed and muscular—in a word, she was 'lofty and sour'; she possessed none of that nobility of nerve which characterizes modern times; marked by nature with prominent features, circumstances and accident added perhaps not a little to her peculiarities; she possessed none of those graces of motion which a poetical eye might see in the heave of the ocean's wave, or the change of the summer's cloud; nor did her cheeks (I will not speak of her nose) exhibit those rosy tints that dwell on the brow of the evening, or play in the gilded bow; no one claims for her throat that it was lined with fiddle strings, but this must be acknowledged, that her step bespoke energy, and be it said only for the sake of truth, that she could round off a sentence regardless of being called a hard swearer.

The perforating punch of the grate-maker, never did closer work on the yielding tin than did that dreadful scourge of beauty, the small pox, when it set its emphatic signature on her face! she was horribly cross-eyed as well as cross-grained, but nevertheless she was a sharp shooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in full pursuit of the bounding stag—the huge antlers that hung round her cabin, or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery; and the white comb drained of its honey, and hung up for ornament, testified her powers in bee finding: she was remarkable for her frequent robberies on these patterns of industry, and piqued herself on the invention of an infallible bait for their discovery. Many can testify to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, being able to get up a pumpkin into as many forms as there are days in the week: she was extensively known and employed for her profound knowledge in the management of all ailments, and yielded the palm to no one, in the variety and rarity of her medicaments.

Her skill and knowledge took wider and more profitable range, for it is a well known fact that she held a tract of land by the safe tenure of a first survey, which was made on the Sabbath, hatchet in hand. But she was most remarkable for her military feats. She possessed high toned ideas of liberty, not even

the marriage knot could restrain her on that subject; like 'the wife of Bath,' she received over her tongue-scourged husband

"The reins of absolute command
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand."

The clouds of war gathered and burst with a terrible explosion in this state. Nancy's spirit rose with the tempest; she declared and proved herself a friend to her country, 'ready to do or die.' All accused of whigism had to hide or swing—the lily-livered Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the canebrake with his neighbours; they kept up a prowling, skulking kind of life, occasionally sallying forth in a kind of predatory style. The Tories determined to beat the brake for them. They however concluded to give Mrs. Hart a call, and in true soldier manner ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the necessary materials for a good feast spread before them; the smoking vension, the hasty hoeecake, and the fresh honeycomb, were sufficient to provoke the appetite of a gorged epicure! They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves, when, quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to rise or to taste a mouthful. They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another, especially if it lay on the side of Satan. 'Go,' said she to one of her sons, and tell the whigs that I have taken six d—d Tories.' They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame, and unappeased hunger.—Whether the incongruity between Mrs. Hart's eyes caused each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude, stern and ferocious fixture of countenance, overawed them, or the powerful idea of their unsoldier-like conduct unnerved them, or the certainty of death, it is not easy to determine. They were soon relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times. This heroine lived to see her country free; she, however, found game and bees decreasing, and the country becoming old so fast, that she sold out her possessions, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, and was amongst the first of the pioneers who paved the way to the wilds of the west.

THE SEA SERPENT.—We find the following very strange narrative in a New-York paper, taken from an Irish Journal, and certified by the captain of the vessel, the mate and two passengers, who all witnessed the transaction. Those who doubt the existence of the sea serpent, will find their scepticism strengthened by this appalling recital.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CONNAUGHT JOURNAL.

Quebec Trader, off South Islands of Arran, ?
Galway Bay, February 8, 1827.

SIR—Having this favourable opportunity of transmitting to you the following wonderful occurrence, which may be the means of settling at rest all doubts as to the existing of a marine monster, supposed to be the SEA SERPENT, I readily do so, particularly as I have so many respectable witnesses to support me in the truth of what we saw. Being bound from Rhode Island to Liverpool, on yesterday morning the south island of Arran came in sight, thirty miles east. We at the same time discovered, about two miles ahead, a vessel, seemingly a wreck, not having a spar or rope standing. On nearing I ordered the gig with six men to board her, and was shortly after hailed by the mate, who was one of the party, for assistance—they pulled from the wreck with all possible speed. I have the Quebec

to the wind, and presently learned that Thomas Wilson, who was the first to board, was instantly devoured by a most horrible animal, the like of which they had never seen or heard of. By this time the wreck was driven about a cable length of our stern, from which I could plainly and distinctly see a monster of the serpent kind, lying partly coiled upon the deck, its head erected about four feet, and its hind part in the hatches, and the hat of poor Thomas lying close alongside it. The surprise and consternation which struck all on board, deprived us of all the thought of planning any mode for its capture, was any such thing possible; the thought of our unfortunate companion filled us with horror. However, I fired a shot from a six pounder, which unluckily could not be brought sufficiently high to bear. It struck the hull, at the same moment the animal raised its head, body and tail, in six or seven folds, to the height of a man each, extending itself from the tiller to the bows; its eyes were large, of a red colour, and much distorted; its throat and neck larger than any part, of a bright green hue, as were its body and sides, and the back black and scaly; it had ears or fins suspended near the head, similar to an eel, and on the nostrils a horny excrescence, blunt, and about eighteen inches long; its chops broad and flat. Whilst I was preparing a second salute with ball and slugs, it glided majestically into the sea, gave a splash with its tail, and disappeared. Shortly after, myself, Jno. Adams, mate, Mr. William Nightengale and Mr. Robert Croker, passengers, boarded her, and with grief had our foreboding of the fate of Wilson verified, he being nowhere to be found. The vessel was water logged, and in a sinking state; a substance of a tar like nature, but highly corrosive, as it blistered the hands upon taking it up, was upon the deck, some of which has been preserved, and is supposed by us to be the slime of the animal. Our conjecture is, that the monster being attracted by the bodies of the sufferers in the wreck, had taken up its abode there, and devoured them. We consider its length to be about sixty feet, and its girth from nine to twelve feet. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS CLEARLY, Master.

We the undersigned, certify the truth of the above,
JOHN ADAMS Mate,
WM. NIGHTENGLE, and
ROBERT CROKER, Passengers.

P. S. Mr. Croker having occasion to proceed to Dublin, chose that route for going to Liverpool, and will be the bearer of this statement.
T. C.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.—No. II.

One of the most striking objects which meet the eye of a stranger from the eastern states, is the condition and appearance of the Indian women. Altho' they were never remarkable, even in their best days, for any thing more than modesty and personal virtue, yet they are now reduced to the most abject state of degradation. The contaminating effects of spirituous liquors, and the intercourse with vicious white men, have taken from many of them all claims even to common decency. You may see them hanging about the settlements of the whites upon our western rivers, drinking to excess, and covered with little else than vermin, their children exhibiting the most melancholy proofs of their neglected condition.

There have been, however, some noble spirits among the Indian women of America.—Many are the narrations of their affectionate devotion to their husbands, and their heroic patience under all kinds of hardship and suffering—such as would have immortalized a fe-

male of any European country. The traditions of these deeds are carefully preserved among the Indian women; and an enquiring white man will frequently be entertained for a whole day in listening to them. One of the most affecting which I ever heard related, was told by a traveller, as having occurred near the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi. It has been in print before: but I take the liberty of copying it for insertion in the Ariel.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippi, is not without a tale to hallow its scenery, and heighten the interest which, of itself, it is calculated to produce. To Wazekota, an old Indian, we are indebted for the narration of the following transaction, to which his mother was an eye-witness. An Indian of the Dacato nation had united himself in early life to a youthful female, whose name was Ampota Sapa, which signifies the Dark Day—with her he lived happily for seven years, apparently enjoying every comfort which the savage life can afford. Their union had been blessed with two children; on whom both parents doated with that depth of feeling which is unknown to such as have other treasures besides those that spring from nature.

The man had acquired a reputation as a hunter, which drew round him many families who were happy to place themselves under his protection, and avail themselves of such part of his chase as he needed not for the maintenance of his family. Desirous that their interest should be strengthened with him, some of them invited him to form a connexion with their families, observing at the same time that a man of his talent and importance, required more than one to wait upon the numerous guests whom his reputation would induce to visit his lodge.—They assured him that he would soon be acknowledged as a chief, and that in this case, a second wife was indispensable. Fired with the ambition of obtaining high honors, he resolved to increase his importance by an union with the daughter of an influential man of his tribe. He had accordingly taken a second wife, without ever mentioning the subject to his former companion. Being desirous to introduce his bride into his lodge, in the manner which should be least offensive to the mother of his children, for whom he still retained much regard: 'You know,' said he, 'that I can love no woman so fondly as I doat upon you. With regret have I seen you of late subjected to toils which must be oppressive to you, and from which I would gladly relieve you; yet I know no other way of doing so, than by associating with you in the household duties one who shall relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests, whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me. I have therefore resolved upon taking another wife, but she shall always be subject to your control, as she'll always rank in my affections second to you.'—With the utmost anxiety and the deepest concern, did his companion listen to this unexpected proposal. She expostulated in the kindest terms, entreated him with all the arguments which undisguised love and the purest conjugal affection could suggest. She replied to all the objections which his duplicity led him to raise. Desirous of winning her from opposition, the Indian still concealed the secret of his union with another, while she redoubled all her care to convince him that she was equal to the task imposed on her. When he again spoke on the subject, she pleaded all the endearments of their past life—she spoke of his former fondness for her, of his regard for her happiness, and that of their mutual offsprings, and bade him beware of the consequences of this fatal purpose of

his. Finding her bent upon withholding her consent to his plan, he informed her that all opposition on her part was unnecessary, as he had already selected another partner; and that if she could not see his new wife as a friend, she must receive her as a necessary incumbrance, for he had resolved that she should be an inmate of his house. Distressed at this information, she watched her opportunity, stole away from the cabin with her infants, and fled to a distance where her father was. With him she remained until a party of Indians with whom he lived, went up the Mississippi on a winter hunt. In the spring, as they were returning with their canoes, loaded with peltries, they encamped near the falls. In the morning, as they left it, she lingered near the spot, then launched her light canoe, entered into it with her children, and paddled down the stream singing her death song. Too late did her friends perceive it—their efforts to prevent her from proceeding were of no avail; she was heard to sing in a doleful voice the past pleasures which she had enjoyed, while she was the undivided object of her husband's affection—finally her voice was buried in the sound of the cataract—the current carried down her frail bark with inconceivable rapidity—it came to the edge of the precipice, was seen for a moment enveloped with spray, but never after was a trace of the canoe or its passengers seen. Yet, it is stated by the Indians, that often in the morning a voice had been heard to sing a doleful ditty along the edge of the fall, and that it dwells on the inconstancy of her husband. Nay, some assert that her spirit has been seen wandering near the spot with her children wrapped to her bosom. Such are the tales or traditions that the Indians treasure up, and which they relate to the voyager, forcing a tear from the eyes of the most relentless.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

CORINNA, a Grecian lady, celebrated for her beauty and poetic talents, was born at Thessu, a city in Boetia, and was the disciple of Myrtis, another Grecian lady. Her verses were so esteemed by the Greeks, that they gave her the name of the lyric muse. She lived in the time of Pindar, about 495 years before Christ, and is said to have gained the prize of lyric poetry five times from that poet. Corinna wrote a great deal of poetry, but no more have come down to us than some fragments which may be seen in Fabricius's "Biblioteca Græca."

HANNAH COWLEY, an ingenious and popular dramatic writer, was the daughter of P. Parkhouse, Esq., of Inverton, England, where she was born in 1743. In her twenty-third year she produced her first comedy, which met with so much success that she was encouraged to proceed, and soon after wrote the "Belle Stragem," which established her fame as a polished writer. This was followed by a "Bold Stroke for a Husband," "Who's a Dupe," &c. The sprightliness of dialogue, and the variety of characters and incidents, which she introduces in her dramatic works, evince a brilliancy of wit, and a versatility of genius, of which very few of the ancient or modern authors are possessed. To attempt pointing out her peculiar excellencies, would lead to a prolixity wholly incompatible with this work; but the character of *Miss Handly*, in the *Belle Stragem*, and *Olivia*, in the *Bold Stroke* for a Husband, are allowed to be portrayed with a striking effect. This amiable and modest writer died at Inverton, in 1809, and her works were collected and published in 1813, in three volumes.

MADAME D'ARBLAY, better known by the name of Miss Burney, which she bore previous to her marriage with Mons. D'Arblay, has written several popular novels, which are of the first class. She published "Evelina," in four volumes; "Cecilia," in three volumes; and "Camilla," in four volumes. For the latter, she received three thousand guineas for the copy right. She is also the author of "Edway and Algiva," a tragedy. Since the death of her husband, she has published "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," in four volumes.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, daughter of Richard Lovel Edgeworth, has for a long time been known and respected in the literary world.—She has devoted a large portion of her time to literary pursuits, and contributed, in no small degree, to the improvement of the rising age. She stands indeed, without a rival. One of her chief objects has been to bring to greater perfection the system of female education, and has succeeded in that particular to a considerable degree. As a novel writer, she ranks among the most eminent, and the Irish character has never been drawn with equal truth and spirit by any other writer. The following is a list of her numerous, interesting, and valuable publications, viz.: "The Parent's Assistant;" "Practical Education;" one of the best on the subject; "Belinda;" "Early Lessons;" "Castle of Rackrent;" "Moral Tales;" "Essay on Irish Bulls;" "Popular Tales;" "The Modern Griselda;" "Leonora;" "Ade-laide;" "Tales of Fashionable Life;" "Essays on Professional Education;" "The Wife;" "Patronage;" "Readings on Poetry;" "Harrington and Ormond;" "Comic Dramas;" "Letters for Literary Ladies." A uniform edition of her writings are now publishing in Boston, in twelve volumes, octavo.

MARIE MAGDELEINE DE LA VERGE FAYETTE, one of the most illustrious females that ornamented the court of Lewis the fourteenth, was intimately acquainted with the literati of that age, many of whom experienced her benevolence and generosity. When Segrain quitted his residence with Mademoiselle Montpensier, he domesticated at her house, and was the chief director of her pursuits. It was in his name that her two celebrated romances of "Zaïde," and the "Princess of Cleves," were published; but he himself testified that, with the exception of a little assistance in the plan or outline, the merits of them were due to her. Voltaire describes them as the first romances in which the manners of persons of condition were truly painted, and natural adventures described with ease and grace. Superseding as they did, the tedious and voluminous production of Scudery and others, they still retain the spice of chivalry and ceremonious gallantry of the court of Anna of Austria, which, being united to much delicacy of sentiment, and lively and graceful description, is not without its attraction. It was on the appearance of "Zaïde," that Huet wrote his "Origin of Romances," and exposed himself to some censure, by the importance which he attached to them. Madame de la Fayette, who was esteemed as much for the solidity as the brilliancy of her parts, died in 1693. Besides the works already mentioned, she wrote the "Princess of Montpensier;" "Memoirs of the Court of France, in the years 1688, and 1689;" "The History of Henriette of England," and "Divers Portraits of Persons about the Court."

THE RED NOSE.

A man did surmise
That another man's eyes
Were both of a different frame;
For if they'd been matches,
Then, alas! poor wretches,
His nose would have set 'em in flame.

The annexed squib, and the reply, were published in the city papers about two years ago. There is a good deal of broad humour—broad enough—point, and some poetry in them. They were selected for the *Ariel* by a fair correspondent, whose correct literary taste we have always admired, and with her, we think them worth preserving.

TO NEW-YORK.

Pride of uncle Sammy's heart,
Let your little sister Phil
At you envious glances dart,
And pinch and slap you as she will.
She cannot harm you while you bear
Her insults with so proud an air.
Let her boast of "hydrant streams,"
And like a granny grumble splutter,
Bout better peaches, richer creams,
And better bread, and better butter,
And like an epicure descendant
On all but what she most doth want.
She says her home is clean and neat,
And well you know the reason why,
'Tis seldom prest by strangers' feet;
While yours must all the world supply,
Pouring in from every quarter,
To bring you wealth, not drink your water.
Then pride, &c.

TO PHILADELPHIA, IN REPLY.

Philadelphia, queen of cities,
New-York prospers it is true,
Is it not a thousand pities
That New-York is jealous too?
Boasting of her narrow streets,
Of her filth and riches proud,
Chuckling that her bosom greets
Strangers, rogues, a motley crowd.
Let her boast, that round her quays,
Groves of tallest masts appear,
Let her love the din of drays,
Stupifying all that hear.
Yet she cannot, dare not say
Beams of science round her shine,
Yorkers never know their ray:
Philadelphia, those are thine.
Yes, you city proud and gallant,
As she deems herself in vain,
When with gifts she honours talent,
Must those gifts from thee obtain.
'Tis not thou that makes a splutter,
Gluttony is not thy vice;
Niblo's famous bread and butter,
Makes New-York a paradise.
Talk of learning—talk of eating,
With New-York they blend together,
Always at a *Mitchel* meeting,
To discuss a fish or feather.
Let her boast her muddy waters,
Of good living take her fill;
Thou Columbia's fairest daughter,
Art her queen superior still.

TEMPER.

From "Hints for the Improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline."

On no part of the character has education more influence, than on the temper; the due regulation of which, is an object of so great importance to the enjoyment of the present life, and to the preparation for a better.

An authority, such as has been described; firm, but affectionate; decided, yet mild; imposing no unnecessary restraints; but encouraging every innocent freedom and gratification, exercised according to the dictates of judgment, and supported by rewards and punishments, judiciously dispensed, is the best means of securing good temper in our children, and evinces that self-subjection on our part, which is essential to its successful cultivation on theirs. This, at once, will put an end to these impulses of temper in ourselves, which are the most fruitful sources of irritation to others, for, it is surprising, how quickly our own irritability will be reflected in the little ones around us. Speak to a child in a fretful manner, and we shall generally find that his answer partakes of the same charac-

ter. We may reprove; we may punish, we may enforce obedience; but all will be done with double the effect, if our own temper remain perfectly unruffled; for what benefit can reasonably be expected, when we recommend that, by our injunctions, which we renounce by our example?

The variations and inconsistency to which characters of impulse are also liable, are particularly trying to children. There are few tempers that can resist the effect of being sharply reprov'd at one time, for what, at another, is passed over without notice; of being treated one day with excessive indulgence, and the next with fretfulness or severity.

We all have our weak and irritable moments; we may experience many changes of temper and feeling; but let us beware of betraying such variations in our outward conduct, if we value the good temper and respect of our children; for these we have no right to expect on their part, without consistency in ours.

If a fault be glaring, it must be seriously taken up; but in the management of the temper, especially in early childhood, much may be effected by a system of prevention. A judicious attendant may avert many an impending naughty fit, by change of object, gentle amusement, and redoubled care to put no temptation in the way, if she observe any of her little ones weary, uncomfortable, or irritable. This, for instance, will generally be the case with children when they first wake. They should, therefore, then be treated with more than common tenderness; never roused from sleep suddenly or violently; nor exposed to any little trials, till they have had time thoroughly to recover themselves. It is scarcely necessary to add, how peculiarly this tender consideration is required, not only in illness, but under the various lesser indispositions so frequent in infancy.

Children ought not to be, unnecessarily, thwarted in their objects; which at an early age, they pursue with eagerness. Let them, if possible, complete their projects without interruption. A child, for example, before he can speak, is trotting after a ball; the nurse snatches him up at the moment, to be washed and dressed, and the poor child throws himself into a violent passion. Whereas, had she first entered into views, kindly assisted him in gaining his object, and then gently taken him up, this trial would have been spared, and his temper uninjured.

We should avoid keeping children in suspense, which is often done from a kind motive, though with a very ill effect. If a child ask his nurse for a cake, and she can give it him, let her tell him so at once, and assure him that he shall have it; but, should she be unable to grant his request, or know it would be improper for him, do not let her hesitate; do not let her say, "I will think of it, we shall see," but kindly and decidedly refuse him.

If he sees his mother going out, and petition to accompany her, it will be better she should say "No," or "Yes," at once, for he will receive with ease an immediate, but kind refusal; when, probably, he would cry bitterly at a denial, after his expectations had been raised by suspense.

When a child is to go to bed, we ought not to fret him for the last half hour by saying every few minutes, "I shall soon send you to bed—Now, my dear, it is time to go—Now, I hope you will go;" but let him be told that at such a time, he is to go to bed, and when that arrives, no common excuse should prevent it.

We ought also to be guarded against attaching too much importance to trifles; from this mistake, many an useless combat arises in

most nurseries. How often have I observed a nurse more disturbed, and a child more alarmed and fretted, at a torn or dirty frock, than at a breach of truth or a want of generosity! Here the lesser good is preferred to the greater, and the primary object of education forgotten.

By such measures as have been recommended, accompanied by a quick sympathy with the peculiar characters, and peculiar infirmities of children, much may be done towards forming among them a habit of good temper. But, such is the irritability both of mental and bodily constitution in childhood, that, with our best efforts, we must not expect unvarying success.

From some hidden cause, generally to be traced to their bodily state, many children, perhaps all occasionally, are prone to a certain fretfulness or irritability, which will baffle every attempt to overcome it, and which, therefore, is rather to be borne with, than opposed—never to be humored, but to be received with unmoved serenity and patience. In such cases, there appears to be no other method of proceeding. This, indeed, calls for great patience; but without great patience, who can perform the duties required towards children?

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.

FROM GRISCOM'S YEAR IN EUROPE.

My friend S * * *, is an intimate acquaintance of James Montgomery, the poet, whose touching effusions are so much admired on both sides of the Atlantic. I regretted that in consequence of a recent indisposition, he could not accept an invitation to dinner, which my friend had given him. But on calling to see him, I had the pleasure of an introduction, and of spending half an hour with him in pleasant conversation. His person is rather beneath the middle size, his countenance open, and he has an elevation of forehead, and a fullness and tenderness of eye, which my imagination could not but regard as an appropriate seat of that pathos of religious feeling, which spreads through his poetry its most attractive and endearing quality.

"Kind as the tear in pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh,
So sweetly innocently mild,
It spoke the muse of sorrow's child."

His manners are gentle and amiable, and his style of conversation is animated, seasoned with playful wit, and a great readiness in giving his thoughts the clothing of perspicuous and appropriate language. Montgomery is about 47 years of age. He has never been married, but evidently appears to have conciliated the warm friendship of those to whom he has become intimately known. He resides with three maidens, whose brother is now the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, our government paper at Washington. His father was a Moravian preacher, and who, as well as his mother, died in the West Indies, while on a Missionary journey among the ignorant people of colour. James was educated at a school kept under the direction of that sincere and pious sect, in Yorkshire; where, during ten years of his early life, he remained secluded from the world, and where he doubtless received those convictions of the truth of the Christian revelation, which have diffused over his poetic inspirations their moral tenderness and sublimity. He is editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, a paper which, though it is ranked in the opposition, maintains, in reality, a character quite independent of a settled hostility to the government, or of the control of party.

We may do a very good action, and not be a good man; but we cannot do an ill one, and not be an ill man.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend F. J. C. of Greensburg, will accept our thanks—his good wishes and exertions place us under many obligations.

R. O. of Auburn, N. Y. is not forgotten, among our many friends.

Our fair correspondent at Stanhope, N. J. is informed, that selections such as she mentions, *would* be acceptable. Conundrums, however, must be accompanied with solutions.

The remarks to "A Fair Correspondent," in the last Ariel, were intended for a communication which was crowded out of No. 5, and which we have since concluded not to publish. In justice to other female correspondents who may wrongly appropriate those remarks to themselves, we make this explanation.

When the first number of the Ariel was presented to the public, in anticipation of future subscribers, an edition of 2000 copies was printed off from the commencement. Its success, however, has been beyond all anticipation. These 2000 copies are now all subscribed for, and we have orders for nearly 400 copies more, which we are at present unable to supply. The numbers from the first *will therefore be reprinted* as soon as possible, in order that the file for the year may be preserved unbroken. Those of which there yet remain some, will be sent to all subscribers, as their names are received, and the back numbers will be forwarded as soon as they can be printed.

A support so flattering and unlooked for, demands our most grateful acknowledgments: and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of it, by an increased attention to the Ariel, so as to render it still more deserving of the substantial notice which it has received.

The celebration of the 4th inst. in this city, was attended by several fatal accidents. In the afternoon, a heavy gust, accompanied by a high wind, came on very suddenly. The river was covered with pleasure boats, several of which were upset—one, in which were five lads, was capsized near the navy yard, and three of the five were drowned. A city paper says that one of the large ferry boats, having on board hundreds of passengers of all ages and complexions, and of both sexes, was met in mid passage by the squall, and became almost unmanageable; there was we hear a fearful blowing of ribbons, parasols, &c., and a choice *above deck* below the keel was at one time scarce

ing for. A young lady who of South street wharf, awaiting the approach of a friend, was so much startled by the explosion of a cracker, which a mischievous *fell into the river*, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. A small vessel was struck with lightning at Smith Island, part of the men were stunned and a dog was killed.

Mrs. FELICIA HEMANS.—This lady is generally known on this side of the Atlantic, by the amazing rapidity with which she has furnished the newspapers with scraps of poetry, to most of which her name has been unfortunately prefixed. She has recently published a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly composed of those which have already gone the rounds; and, the praises lavished by the American Quarterly, to the contrary notwithstanding, we have never been able to perceive any thing in her productions that ought to distinguish them above the common run of newspaper writers. That she has written some pretty things, there can be no doubt; but, that she has written many more that are not pretty, is equally the fact. Her poems are copied extensively through the country: but it is no certain evidence of merit; for there is a fashion in these things. A learned editor—one deeply read in all subjects, and a judge of all, perhaps, but poetry—catches a glimpse of a slip of poetry in a standard foreign magazine, and, relying on the character of this foreign magazine as a guaranty of its excellence,

he marks it for the compositor, and it is given forth to the American public as "From this or that Magazine," and "by Mrs. Hemans," or Mrs. Anybody else. All this array of titles has an imposing effect upon editors, and many of them reprint it without ever reading it! Perhaps, which is equally likely, the *first* republisher never read it! Hence it is that Mrs. Hemans's poems have obtained a circulation to which their merits did not entitle them. They have been transferred into our papers upon the credit of English Magazines. But we have long thought that English Magazines, like periodicals in our own country, contained much that was flat and dull, and not any way worthy of ever being in print.

Mrs. Hemans's principal aim seems to be *notoriety*. The design is humble, and she has attained it in a degree sufficient, we should suppose, to satisfy the utmost vanity of the most conceited author. But *notoriety* is not *reputation*; neither is the flippant readiness that gains the one, to be compared to the steady march of genius which is the only procurer of the other. We were not a little surprised to observe the manner in which the American Quarterly lavished its praises on her volume of poems. But Mrs. Hemans is an unprotected female, struggling for her living by the efforts of her pen: and the author of the review of her volume supports the character of a finished gentleman with as much natural grace as he does that of an accomplished wit.

The following, from the pen of Mrs. H. we have met with frequently in the various papers which we receive. The four last stanzas are certainly more than pretty:—

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

It stands where northern willows weep,

A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress branches thrown;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?—

A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm;
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness, on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,

The mantle's quiet flow,

The gentle, yet majestic grace,

Throned on the matron brow:

There, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet

Of the fair image wrought—

A kingly emblem—nor unmeet

To wake yet deeper thought:

She, whose high heart finds rest below,

Was royal in her birth and wo.

There are pale garlands hung above,

Of dying scent and hue;

She was a mother—in her love

How sorrowfully true!

Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,

The Record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown

Of olden glory spoiled—

The standard of their sires bore down—

The shield's bright blazon soiled:

She met the tempest meekly brave,

Then turned, o'er wearied, to the grave.

She slumbered; but it came—it came,

Her land's redeeming hour,

With the glad shout and signal-flame,

Sent on from tower to tower:

Fast through the land a spirit moved—

'Twas her's, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a word that rung

To rouse bold hearts from sleep;

Her memory, as a banner flung

Forth by the Baltic deep;

Her grief, a bitter viol poured

To sanctify the Avenger's sword.

And the proud eagle spread again

Its pinion to the sun;

And the strong hand shook off its chain—

So was the triumph won!

But wo for earth! where sorrow's tone

Still blends with Victory's—she's gone!

INFANT SCHOOLS.—The miserable and degraded condition to which the children of the poorer classes of our citizens are reduced, and the exposure to contamination of all kinds to which the numerous and unprotected male and female orphans are subjected, has at length attracted the attention of some benevolent individuals in Philadelphia. A number of ladies having consulted together on the expediency of establishing schools for this neglected portion of our population, in May last, an address was published, setting forth the plan and objects of the institution. We make some extracts from this address: which, from its signature, we presume is the production of our liberal and patriotic citizen, Matthew Carey, Esq.

"A large portion of the poorer classes of society, male and female, particularly the former, are obliged to leave their homes daily, to labour for support in the houses of those by whom they are employed. When thus absent, their children, as soon as able to work, spend the chief part of their time prowling about the streets—a seminary, where it would be almost miraculous, if they did not imbibe the seeds of every species of vice and wickedness of which human nature is capable. These, as they progressively advance in life, germinate luxuriantly, produce copious harvests of crimes from petty larceny to highway robbery and murder—and people our criminal courts and penitentiaries with the crowds which they unfortunately exhibit. This seminary, also, does not afford the smallest chance of the acquisition of a single counteracting virtue.

"The object of the proposed plan is to lay the axe to the root of this evil, by the establishment of a school or schools for the reception of children from two to seven or eight years of age, in which they will be habituated to order and regularity—taught whatever may be suitable to their capacities—inspired with correct principles—and rescued from the perilous situations in which they are placed at present."

There is much good sense and sound argument in the following paragraph. The world has too long been disposed to believe that poverty and vice are common companions:

"It is too much the fashion to regard the mass of the poor as dissipated and idle—and their sufferings as the result of their vices. It is too true, that society, under whatever aspect it may be viewed, exhibits enough of vice and guilt to humble pride and excite commiseration. But that there is a great mass of honesty and virtue among the poor, there cannot be a doubt in the minds of those who have had an opportunity to decide on the subject. And the assumption of a great comparative superiority of virtue in the middle and upper classes of society, will not appear quite correct, when we consider the advantages they possess—the good examples and the moral and intellectual cultivation most of them have had—and the restraints, which the sphere wherein they move, imposes on them.—'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' On the other hand, if we weigh in an even balance the disadvantages that the poor labour under—the pressure of poverty—the fascination of bad examples to which they are so much exposed—the want of good examples—and of cultivation, either moral or intellectual—instead of wondering that there is so much depravity among them, the wonder is, that there is not far more."

In illustration of the advantages which parents will derive from Infant Schools, the address says:

"Attention to their children, although necessarily but very imperfectly afforded, must occupy important portions of the time which ought to be devoted to that labour whereon they depend for the support of themselves and

families—and which, even when fully and skillfully employed, is at best too scantily remunerated! It is a lamentable fact, that there are probably seven or eight thousand females in this city, some brought up in affluent circumstances, whose utmost industry cannot earn more than a dollar and a half, or at most two dollars per week, out of which many of these unfortunates have to support not only two, three, four or five children, but dissolute, idle husbands, some of whom contribute little or nothing to the support of wives or offspring. The price of making a soldier's shirt is only one eighth of a dollar—and I understand that a woman, unincumbered with a family, cannot make more than two in a day! Other women's work is paid for in nearly the same proportion! I have this moment learned, that a washerwoman, who was employed the whole of last week, from an early hour in the morning till after sunset, received but three quarters of a dollar for her labours! The extreme depression of the wages of women's labour is among the most baleful features of society. It is a great discouragement to marriages among the labouring part of our population, and of course a powerful cause of the licentiousness which that discouragement creates. Where is the justice, where is the propriety, of paying five, six or seven dollars a week for male labour, and only a dollar and a half or two dollars for labour similar, or nearly similar, performed by women. The attempt to alleviate the distress of fellow beings thus circumstanced, cannot fail to meet the approbation and support of the friends of humanity.

"To sum up all. The success of this plan will diminish the sufferings of poor parents, by enabling them to employ their time to advantage—elevate the character of the rising generation of that class—save our property from depredation by larcenies and burglaries—diminish the business of our criminal courts—and in a great degree depopulate our penitentiaries."

It is a great gratification to add, that there is every reason to believe the project will receive encouragement, sufficient to place it on a firm foundation.

THE MATCH GIRL.—"Will you buy a bundle of matches, Sir?—only a cent?"—said a wretched looking child of apparently twelve years old, in modest, but imploring accents, as we were about to leave the office after the irksome labors of a sultry day. She was dressed in something which might once have been clean calico, for it was now soiled and ragged, while the flaming figure which yet lingered among a cloud of dirt, presented a melancholy relic of departed finery. A wretched straw hat barely hid her ragged locks, which seemed as if they had long been strangers to the beautifying powers of the comb, and her countenance was marked with that pathetic expression of wretchedness which professed beggars know so well to assume. Yet there was something in her looks which arrested my attention. Though the sadness of her features betrayed the deep and soul-felt sorrow that had been laid upon her, yet there was a silence in her grief, an unobtrusiveness in her petition, which, from its dissimilarity to the urgent impudence of a veteran pauper, wound itself insensibly into my sympathies, and would have staggered the forbearance of the most penurious charity. I looked at her with a degree of interest which others in her situation but seldom excite,—and the picture of her patient misery made my very heart ache. I stepped back into the office, and bought a few bundles of her matches.

To be supplicated for charity in the streets of Philadelphia, is now of rare occurrence. Open beggary has very sensibly decreased within a few years past; but the laziness of pauperism has assumed other, and more plausible means to gratify its endless wants. The artlessness of childhood is used to tax the sympathies of the public, when the more systematic efforts of adult

knavery have been found to be unavailing. Children are sent out by their vagrant parents to prey upon the community by moving tales of misery and suffering at home, and, if their habits do not teach them, they are instructed to seize every opportunity of petty theft and imposition. Born to the inheritance of poverty; nursed in the cradle of misfortune and neglect; and tutored even in their infancy in every species of petty dishonesty; taught to imitate the whine of suffering, and to blend with it the obsequiousness of a beggar, they are turned out to depredate upon the public—paupers in appearance, but villains in the heart.

There are, however, other children who roam our streets in search of charity—the children of honest parents—parents who have been suddenly struck prostrate by the blasting hand of sickness, and to whom no resource remains, except the withering alternative of sending them abroad to solicit a portion of that charity, which the public has too much reason to believe is thrown away. Various, indeed, are the schemes adopted to enlist our sympathies. A basket of knick-knacks, a bundle of matches, or almost any other portable commodity of fireside manufacture, is the plea for arresting the attention. But so many are the calls upon our time, that most of them are unregarded—often-times with that heart-chilling insolence and indifference

"Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low minded pride."

Of the latter class of children was the poor Match Girl who stood before me, relating in pathetic artlessness, the history of her parents' troubles. It was brief, and like the thousand others which we read of as the unavoidable attendants on a crowded population,—such, indeed, as the newspapers furnish us for every day's perusal. The father had been disabled by an accident, and as his little family had subsisted by his daily labor, a confinement of two months had brought them to the very brink of starvation. Friends they had not; and the Howard-like benevolence which would search them out in their forlorn abode, and administer to their wants, was a hopeless resource. The mother, too, was ill—borne down by the darkness of the prospect which surrounded them. As a last and only hope, this child was sent out to procure them food, with a basket of matches in her hand. They had instructed her not to ask for anything—not to beg—but to sell her matches. The spirit of independence—

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,"

still bore them up, leaving them to hope that they might yet obtain a living by their own exertions, until the father was restored to health. Her success was discouraging—for she was a novice in the business: and when chance, (or shall I say Providence?) directed her to the office door of the Ariel, the destitute family were almost ready to despair, and to believe that an Almighty hand had laid its rod of mercy on them more heavily than upon the rest of their fellow mortals. I mentioned the case to a friend. His heart was touched at the recital—his means were ample—and at the end of four-and-twenty hours after I parted from the Match Girl, the family had been relieved effectually.

How many hundred children are there, mostly girls, of all ages from six to twelve years, constantly prowling through our streets, soliciting with offensive impunity, the charity of the public, and seeking opportunities to plunder from their houses. These children are indeed born in caprice and bred in ignorance. Tutored to iniquity from their very childhood; practiced to distort their infantile features into the semblance of grief; and employed by worthless parents in the most abject of all occupations, beggary itself, how lamentably deficient must their minds be found in all that constitutes a good and virtuous citizen. With boys, the penitentiary, and perhaps the gallows, ends their career. With these unprotected girls—guarded by none, but preyed upon by every villain,—how certainly are they drawn aside from virtue in maturer years, and how faint the hope of their return! We hail, with feelings of gratitude to him who placed it in their hearts, the efforts of the ladies of this city to establish *Infant Schools*. They will be productive of incalculable

ble blessings. If they draw aside a single Match Girl from the path to certain ruin, the effort is worthy of being made. To such unfriended wanderers of our city their protecting care should be extended. It is such noble efforts in so good a cause, that beautify and raise the female character—and

"Whose incense smells to heaven."

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A WHALE CAUGHT.—On Thursday afternoon last, says a Portsmouth, N. H. paper, of June 14, a whale, which had been seen in the offing several days previous, came into our harbour, and continued sporting near the Navy Yard for two or three hours, where the spectators had a fine view of him. A little before sunset, attracted thither probably by the large quantities of alewives in the river, he passed Portsmouth bridge. It is supposed he injured himself against the piers, and was evidently afraid to repass it. On Friday morning he was seen by many market people coming down the river. An expedition was immediately set on foot by Col. Decatur of the Navy Yard, and Mr. Z. Willey to take him, which was not successful till Tuesday evening at five o'clock, when a harpoon from Mr. Willey took effect, followed by two harpoons and four lances from Col. Decatur, near Pine Point, in the Berwick branch of the Piscataqua, about ten miles from town.

He continued towing the two boats attached to him, till Wednesday morning, sometimes going with the greatest velocity, and with imminent danger to the boats at the Horse-races, which was nearly three hours, and from five to seven in the morning was in view of thousands who flocked to see him, being then in sight of Portsmouth bridge.

He was finally despatched at seven o'clock near the bridge, and secured in Spinney's creek, thence carried to Badger's island, where preparations were yesterday made for his public exhibition. From Friday to Wednesday morning the river has been filled with boats, either trying to take him, or to view the sport. The bridge and margins of the river have been thronged with spectators, especially on Monday afternoon, when he was in view the whole time, and the river perfectly calm. The appearance of a whale in any river in the U. S. would be considered an extraordinary and gratifying circumstance, and for five days our citizens have had that opportunity, which may never occur again. The length of the whale is about fifty feet, and his breadth about sixteen feet,—his head is shaped like that of the horse, and he differs from all others that have been seen by those acquainted with that species of fish. His motion was undulatory, and it is the opinion of Col. Decatur that this is the very SEA SERPENT which has so long been a visiter on our coast.

A DIVORCE.—A short time since, says the Painesville, Ohio, Telegraph, in an adjoining town a happy pair were regularly joined in wedlock by a facetious township Squire, whose fees totally exhausted the funds of the bridegroom.—Not many days, it appears, had elapsed, before the parties who had been joined "till death should them part," became mutually dissatisfied with their lot, and returned to the Squire with many tales of woe, beseeching him with all their eloquence to un-marry them, which he agreed to do, provided he was previously paid the sum of three dollars, double the fee of the first ceremony. This sum the bridegroom paid by a week's labor on the Squire's farm. Then came the ceremony of "parting." The Squire placed a block upon the floor, on which was put a live cat: one pulled the head and the other the tail, while

the Squire, with an axe severed the cat in twain, at the same time exclaiming, "Death has now parted you!" The couple departed with a firm belief that the performance was legal, and have not lived together since.

The workmen in the Phoenix factory in Middlefield, N. Y., have subscribed 632 yards of cotton cloth for the Greeks.

Col. Ward, near Dan River, Virginia, who died recently, bequeathed freedom to about 150 slaves, and left them a tract of land, on which a number of them are settled.

A celebrated physician of Hartford, says, in a few years there will not be an old maid in the country, as all the young ladies who do not get married soon will kill themselves by tight lacing.

General Wardsworth, of New-York state, is said to have 13,000 sheep on his farms.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE AGE.—A new paper has just made its appearance in the city of New-York, called "The Age," edited by C. Galpin, late editor of the Albany Microscope, and printed by P. Sturtevant. From the appearance of the first number, we should pronounce it of a character similar to the Microscope, or a continuation of that paper under a new name.

Paul Brown has issued proposals for publishing, in Cincinnati, (O.) a pamphlet, entitled "Twelve Months in New-Harmony—he has also addressed a few thoughts to Mr. R. Owen on his late valedictory. Mr. Brown seems to entertain no very great respect either for the valedictory or its author: he writes with great plainness and apparent truth; he does not hesitate to say, that after Mr. Owen had written and spoken a great deal about the social, benevolent, and disinterested tendency of the new system, and had by this means collected together a great number of persons to enjoy its blessings, that then to turn directly round and urge upon them a sale of his real estate, at double its cost, was much more in character with the old, than the new creed; and especially as he had good reason to believe that many of the community were not in a situation to refuse his illiberal terms.

The Life of Morris Birkbeck, written by his daughter, is in the London press, and will soon appear.

TALES FOR LEISURE HOURS.—A small volume under this title, has just appeared in this city, by Mr. Philips, known more generally by the signature of Alcanzor. We have not seen the work, and are therefore unprepared to offer an opinion.

WESTERN POETRY.—Mr. M. P. S. Blair of Frankfort, Kentucky, proposes to publish his poetical works, to be comprised in a volume of 150 or 200 pages. If his address may be relied on, and we have no cause for doubting its correctness, there are some reasons for believing him both a poet and a man of genius. He has the *hervy* of the one and the *eccentricity* of the other. Mr. Blair presents himself before the public, not for the purpose of gathering laurels for himself, but the *comforts* of life for his wife and boy. Kentucky has furnished several promising pupils in the sister art of painting: it will be gratifying to learn that in poetical talents she is equally respectable. The following is a copy of Mr. Blair's singular address:

"I wish, for the sake of my wife and sweet little cherub, both of whom have suffered by the eccentricity of my nature, to publish to the world something that may save them from extreme indigence. I awake in the morning and

see the dear little fellow, kicking his legs and smiling at a father, who has so often forgotten him, and now must call upon the public to take the boy from the rushes. Nature (some folks say) has made me one on whom the Muse has put her inspiring mantle. I never wish to roam on the flowery borders, but a rose with a bud by her side, calls me into action. I shall, if I get a sufficient number of subscribers, shew that Kentucky (my native state) can sing. I know not how many pages the book may contain; some of its ingredients may be good—some I know are bad; but try the first edition, if it please, I'll make another trial. You'll find some wit and a little humour, with as little learning:

I look to a country as kind as she's wild,
Then I look to my wife and look to my child."

Since penning the above remarks, proposals for publishing the Fredoniad, or Independence Preserved, by Richard Emmons, M. D. of Kentucky, have met our observation. This work is divided into *forty* cantos, and will appear in *five* volumes of 300 pages each! Accompanying the proposals there is a specimen of the poetry, and an opinion of its merits, by a "gentleman of the first literary attainments." If the judgment of this gentleman may be relied on, the Fredoniad, "has all the constituents of an excellent poem."

THE LIFE OF LORD CHATHAM.—Among the works announced as in the press in London, is the History of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his speeches in Parliament, and a considerable portion of his correspondence when secretary of state, on French, Spanish and American affairs, with an account of the principal events and persons connected with his life, sentiments and administrations; in two volumes quarto, by the Reverend Francis Thackara.

LONDON LITERARY REPORT FOR MAY.—Horace Smith has a new novel in the press, to be entitled Reuben Apsley. The scene is laid in England during the short reign of James the second; some of the most remarkable events of which are, we understand, embodied in the story; such, for example, as the disastrous rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, the sanguinary western assizes under Judge Jeffreys, and the triumphant landing of the Prince of Orange. The most prominent of the historical characters is Judge Jeffreys.

The noble authoress of the forthcoming novel called Flirtation, has been extremely fortunate in her subject; and with the brilliant talents which she is allowed to possess, cannot fail to produce a novel highly attractive. The fashionable novels of the day have revealed to the uninitiated a great deal of what is passing in high life—routes, balls, dinners, &c.—but the intense flirtations which are so frequent among the Exclusives, have not yet been unveiled, as we understand they will be in this new story of the *beau monde*. The personages that figure in Flirtation will, no doubt, be recognized as having their prototypes in the most elevated circles—and the authoress is not only gifted with exquisite powers for observing and describing character, but has the unusual advantage of being one of the set to which her heroes and heroines belong. It is reported that almost every chapter of Flirtation gives evidence of this, and that the whole novel is stamped with that peculiar impress of rank and high fashion which can neither be mistaken nor imitated.

The third series of Highways and Byways may be soon expected. The first and longest story, called the Cagot's Hut, will make its readers, perhaps for the first time, acquainted with a race which, from the remotest times,

has been suffering a sort of banishment from human society, and has been visited with an awful malady from generation to generation. There is another story, too, which is reported to be a very curious *mélange* of the terrific, the tragic, and the ludicrous.

A volume of 300 pages, entitled "A Biographical Memoir" of the late Mrs. Risk, of Cincinnati, is now in preparation, and will be put to press within a short period. It will contain extracts from her letters and diary. The friends and acquaintances of this pious and talented lady, will doubtless be highly gratified in the perusal of the work.

The Rochester Daily Advertiser appears in an enlarged form, and now equals in size any of the western newspapers. It is a neat and well conducted journal, and worthy of the liberal patronage it appears to have received.

A work is proposed in Boston, to be called the *Christian's Surety*, and to contain a contrast of different doctrines. We always imagined the bible to be the *christian's surety*.

The Reverend J. S. C. F. Frey, proposes to publish monthly in New-York, The Jewish Intelligencer, each number containing thirty-two pages octavo.

The North American Review, during the absence of Mr. Sparks, is said to be under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Palfrey, of Boston.

In Georgetown, D. C., a bookseller received thirty copies of Mr. Cooper's Praire in the evening, and disposed of them all, and might have sold more of them the same night.

FOR THE ARIEL.

TO A WATCHMAKER, ON HIS BIRTH DAY.

Let Friendship hail with hope elate,
The morn that tells thy boyhood done,
When Time upon life's dial plate,
Has reach'd the mark of twenty-one.
Come clear the board! and let us raise,
From Memory's harp a solemn dirge;
And sorrow that the passing days,
So swiftly to our parting verge.
But sorrow we are doom'd to feel,
As doth the kingly psalmist say,
For sorrow is the balance-wheel,
That keeps the wavering mind in play.
But lest it work too hard and rough,
And wear the metal of our souls,
We still are furnish'd with enough
Of joy to oil its pivot-holes.
Now may a friend, for friendship's sake,
And one whose main-spring thou hast been,
Some weighty observations make,
On matters of import I ween.
Still in the foot-holes of the just,
Let all thy *steppings* be confin'd;
And keep a watch, lest earthly dust
Retard the pinions of thy mind.
And let thy heart be often set,
(The regulator is within)
By daily observation, it
Will keep thee right and free from sin.
Remember faith alone is nought,
This truth let honest Paul decide,
Like watches for the window bought,
Behold it hath no works inside.
As none can tell when life will stop,
Nor Death's approach by us be seen,
Attend! that at the winding up,
Our mortal works may all be clean.
And when thy heart is out of beat,
And thou art done with things of time,
O! may I be prepar'd to meet
My brother in a better clime.

W.

THE PRAYER.

A rich man and his wife,
Were ev'ry day at strife,
And each wish'd t'other in the grave;
But their good son and heir
Begg'd God to grant their pray'r,
That both their wishes they might have.

We take pleasure in copying from the Boston Courier, the following beautiful lines. There is a tenderness and pathos about them rarely to be met with in the every day productions of the newspaper press.

A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS, ON THE BRIDAL EVE.

It is the tender twilight hour;
And glimmering through yon russet bower
The dying light is seen;
Giving a faintly glowing tinge
To the deep vines that gently fringe
Its lattices of green.

The mellow whistle still is heard
Of that same dear, familiar bird,
We used to love so well,
Ere I had known the parting pain,
Or bliss of meeting thee again,
My own dear Rosabelle.

Ah, love! thou never canst forget,
When on the green our hamlet met,
And merry pipes were played,
How from the dance we stole away,
And tremblingly I led the way
To yonder lovely shade.

We reached the bower; the moonbeams fell
Full on my lovely Rosabelle,
Making the fair more fair.
Like vines round marble pillars hung,
So round her polished neck were flung
Her sunny wreaths of hair.

Her angel face was turned aside,
The blush of innocence to hide,
That o'er her features stole.
We ne'er before had been alone,
Nor had I ever dared to own
The love that filled my soul.

Oh! tell me why, in that strange hour,
Beauty had such mysterious power?
For though convulsed with fears,
With passion not to be repressed,
I threw myself upon thy breast,
And told my love in tears.

Thou wert subdued: I heard thy sobs,
I felt thy bosom's answering throbs,
Thy tears were mixed with mine;
We knew that every doubt was done:
Our hearts had melted into one,
On feeling's holy shrine.

But when the shock that open threw
Our bosoms to each other's view
In gentle murmurs died,
The morn of love, 'twas heaven to trace,
Just opening in thy beaming face,
In all its blushing pride.

Then, Rosabelle, for memory's sake,
Our way to that same bower we'll take,
That saw Love's roscate dawn;
For this is courtship's latest eve;
And there our bridal wreath we'll weave,
To grace the coming morn.

All nature seems our bliss to share;
Spirits of joy are in the air;
They wave their rainbow wings,
And shed, on this auspicious night,
A glow of pure, elysian light
O'er all created things.

ROWENA.

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pains, lend me thy hand
To laugh a little.

Two cotton wagons meeting on the road to Augusta, Georgia, the following dialogue took place between the drivers. "What's cotton in Augusta?" says the one with a load. "Cotton," says the other. The enquirer, supposing himself not to be understood, repeats, "what's cotton in Augusta?" "It's cotton," says the other. "I know that," says the first, "but what is it?" "Why," says the other, "I tell you it is cotton! cotton is cotton! in Augusta, and every where else that ever I heard of." "I know that as well as you," says the first, "but what does cotton bring in Augusta?" "Why it brings nothing, but every body is bringing cotton." "Look here," says the first wagoner, with an oath, "you had better leave the state—for you know most too much for Georgia."

The drawing of the Georgia Land Lottery closed on the 25th ult. The tract of land supposed to be most valuable in the new territory, remained in the wheel until the day's drawing preceding the last, and was drawn by a female idiot of Columbia county. No. 51, in the twenty first district of Muscogee, was the number that drew this prize. On the morning of that day the speculators were on the tip-toe of expectation for the drawing of this number, and a No. 51 being announced (without noticing the district) one of these gentry, who knew a revolutionary soldier in Jefferson county held a ticket of this number, leaped on his horse and rode sixty-five miles in five hours to carry the news, and before the error was detected (for this No. 51 was in another district) he had purchased the land, and paid down part of the purchase money. On the mistake being made known, the old soldier refunded the money, and the speculator *had his run for his pail*.

SIGNS.—The following lines, says an English paper, are written upon a public house, in a village in Westmoreland:

"John Stanley lives here, and sells good ale;
Walk in and get some before it grows stale.
John succeeded his father Peter;
But in the old man's time the ale was never better."

It has often afforded us amusement in travelling, to copy from sign-boards, such inscriptions as were remarkable for their oddity, or quaintness or wit. About the year 1809, when the country between Rome (old Fort Stanwix) and Sackett's Harbour, was chiefly a wilderness, we had occasion to make two or three journeys through these gloomy forests;—and never were our eyes more delighted than when, during one of the latest of these journeys, on a very hot day, a *shanty* erected amidst the lofty trees a few rods beyond Fish Creek, arose to our view, (now, we believe in the town of Taburgh) and kept by a jolly yankee, with the following inscription upon its walls, which we think beats the English:

"Cider and beer
For sale here;
Cider and cheese,
If you please;
Walk in I swear,
And take a chair."

In Albany we recollect an old sign, erected by one of the earliest interlopers from New-England, which read as follows:

"I put this board up here,
To tell you that I sell good beer."

In process of time, finding his earthly store increasing, Jonathan extended his business.—An additional piece of board was nailed to the old sign, with the following additional couplet:

"And I've made it something wider,
To tell you that I keep good cider."

The Philadelphia Gazette says, in substance, that a good newspaper is a good thing; so say we. A western editor exclaims, "Oh! for an ounce of common sense!" A Mr. Dunn has been put in jail; it is a place where all duns ought to be put.

Lord Norbury, in passing sentence on a thief who had been convicted of stealing a time-piece in a dwelling-house, said that in grasping at time, he had reached *eternity*.

FORCE OF HABIT.—It is said of a Bath physician that he could not prescribe, even for himself, without a fee, and therefore when he felt unwell he took a guinea out of one pocket and put it in the other.

EXTRA BAGGAGE.—A Frenchman, wishing to take stage for Buffalo, was asked by the driver if he had any extra baggage! "Extra baggage! Vat do you call dat? I have no baggage at all but my tree trunks, five dogs, and von black girl!"

FOR THE ARIEL.

Addressed to the Members of a Literary Society, on the close of its session.

"Good night! and joy be with you all!"
The parting hour at length is here,
And such the fate that must befall
Our earthly joys, however dear.

But when the summer moons are past,
And autumn's winds are bleak and high,
And yellow leaves are falling fast,
And birds to other regions fly;

When Nature quits her verdant reign,
And dons her garb of russet hue,
We hope to congregate again,
And thus our social path renew.

Meanwhile, may all in health and peace,
Pursue their way in life's career,
And find its joys and hopes increase,
With every swift revolving year.

And still, in some far distant day,
May Fancy's voice those scenes recall;
And wake, as now, the pensive lay,
"Good night! and joy be with you all."

RAVENSWOOD.

AN OLIO.

WHAT AN EPIGRAM SHOULD BE.

An epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,
A lively little thing,
Like wasp, with taper body—bound
By lines—not many, neat and round,
All ending in a sting.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

The Athenians raised a noble statue to the memory of *Æsop*, and placed a *slave* on a *pedestal*, that men might know the way to honour was open to all.

PROVERBS.

Would you know the value of money, go and borrow some.

The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it.
If you make money your god, it will plague you like the d—l.

He that buys a house ready wrought, has many a pin and nail for nought.

A wicked book is the worse because it can't repent.

EPIGRAM.

Wit is a feather, Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
For those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

LORD RUSSEL.—Immediately before lord Russel was conveyed to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying with a smile, "Now I have done with time, and must henceforth think only of eternity."

MODESTY.

The blushing cheek, the virtue of the face,
The gentle look, coy air, and modest grace;
The fearful voice, the chaste and trembling eye,
That views with pain, the slaves that round it die,
Are female stratagems, victorious still,
The surest shafts that beauty takes to kill.

BURKE.—The name of Burke will be remembered with admiration, while those of Pitt and Fox will be comparatively forgotten.

Junius is the first of his class, but that class is not the highest. Junius's style is the strut of a *petit-maitre*—Burke's the stalk of a giant; if grandeur is not to be found in Burke, it is to be found nowhere.

The following description of Bridget Brady, by her lover, Thaddeus Ruddy, a bard who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, is perhaps unique as a specimen of local simile.

She's as straight as a pine on the mountain of Kilmannon,
She's fair as the lilies on the banks of the Shannon;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms of Drumeallan;
Her breasts gently swell like the waves of Lough Allan;
Her eyes are as mild as the dews of Donsany,
Her veins are as pure as the blue-bells of Slaney;
Her words are as smooth as the pebbles of Terwinny,
And her hair flows adown like the streamlets of Finny.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

A letter-box for the ARIEL is established at No. 71, Market-st. through which communications exclusively of a literary nature, and subscriptions, will be received.